

Poet's Corner.

ORIGINAL.

For the MARYLAND GAZETTE.

What are sleepless nights to me
When heavier griefs my bosom bears!
What the midnight moon to see,
When waking to feverish cares!
Face the stars along the night—
Count each hour throughout the gloom,
Tells to view the morning light—
As long been my unchanging doom.
Not for griefs like these I mourn—
For other sorrows bear my rest;
Tells that meet no kind return,
But revel in my lonely breast.

LINES

Gentleman, saying he would pass away Swift
As a Shadow.
BY A LADY.

YES! though swift as shades you fly,
And I shall never see you more,
Often to the mental eye
And memory shall my friend restore.

When the gloom of woe pervades
This heart, from peace and friendship torn,
Pensive seek the lonely shades,
And there, unseen, thy absence mourn.

Soon each anxious thought I'll chase
While musing on thy brightening fate,
I feel a grateful, dear solace,
That peace and joy thy steps await.

And led by Fancy's magic power,
Thy way I'll trace along the vale,
Here oft at eve's bewitching hour,
The lovely Celia hears thy tale.

And wilt thou in thy bliss supreme
Remember her that's far away;
Fretting her friendship make thy theme,
While CELIA smiles on all you say?

SELECTED.

AN EXTRACT.

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers be;
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and sigh like me.

Awaken the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowers deck the green earth's breast,
Is there I wish to lay my head—
Is there I wish to sleep at rest.

Oh, let no tears embalm my tomb!
None but the tears by twilight given;
Oh, let no sighs disturb the gloom—
None but the whispering winds of Heaven.

THE WANDERER.

Written in Scotland, by a young woman, the
daughter of a miller, in Edinburgh.
THE pale moon sinks in western clouds,
Her last beam on the waters die;
I'll thread me in those sounding woods,
Thro' whose dark boughs the night winds sigh.

No home receives my shivering form,
No voice maternal soothes to rest,
Alone I brave the midnight storm,
That freezes my unmantled breast.

No bosom heaves the pitying sigh,
For the lost wretch that weeps alone,
O'er her brave father's destiny,
Poland and Freedom's patriot son.

Near the low mound my mother's grave,
For godlike truth her Amred fell;
He scorned to live oppression's slave,
Or guilt's polluted triumph swell.

Chill'd with the cold nocturnal dew,
Far from my ruin'd home I fled;
O'er fields where war's infernal crew,
Exulted o'er the mangled dead.

Yet mid these shades, misfortune's child,
O'er life's appalling desert's driven,
Will find a dwelling in the wild,
The dome—you Italy vault of Heaven.

And when this awful conflict's o'er,
Near Vesta's bright marm'ring wave,
Some gentle hand, on that sweet shore,
Will lay the green sward on my GRAVE.

NOTICE.

THE repeated trespasses committed on
the lands of the subscriber, lying in
the vicinity of Annapolis, and on Fishing
creek, have constrained him to prohibit all
persons hunting thereon, with dog or gun, or
in any manner trespassing on the same.

JEREMIAH TOWNLEY CHASE.
September 18, 1809. 2

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT sundry inhabitants of Cob Neck,
in Charles county, intend petitioning
the next General Assembly of the State of
Maryland, for a road to be made public thro'
Woollaston's Manor, and by the Cobb Neck
church, to intersect the main road leading
from Port-Tobacco to the lower end of Cob
Neck.

September 13, 1809. 2

Miscellany.

SONG,

Supposed to have been said or sung by an Auc-
tioneer.

A TORTOISE-SHELL TOM-CAT.

OH, what a story the papers have been tell-
ing us,
About a little animal of mighty price,
And who ever thought but an auctioneer of
selling us,

For near three hundred yellow boys, a trap
for mice;
Of its beauties and qualities, no doubt he told
'em fine tales,

But for me, I should just as soon have bought
a cat of nine tails,
I would'n't give for all the cats in Christen-
dom, so vast a fee,

Not to fave 'em from the Catacombs, or Cata-
line's catastrophe;
Kate of Russia, Katterfelto's cat, & Catalini,
Are every one,

By Tom outdone,
As you shall hear.

(Spoken.)—We'll suppose Mr. Cat's-eye,
the auctioneer, with his catalogue in one hand,
and a hammer like a Catapulta in the other,
mounted in the rostrum at the great room, in
Cateaton-street.

'Hem! lads and gemmen—cats are of two
distinctions: Thomas and Tabby—this is of
the former breed, and the only instance in
which I have seen beauty monopolized by a
male! Look at him, ladies! what a magnifi-
cent mowser! meek though masculine! the
curious concatenation of colour in that cat,
calls categorically for your best bidding.

Place a proper price upon poor pussy; con-
sult your feline bosoms, and bid me knock
him down.

Ladies and gentlemen, a-going, going, go-
ing—

Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you
can't think dear.

Next I should tell ye, the company around
him,

Who emulously bid, as if they all were wild;
Tom thought them mad, while they king of
kittens crown'd him,

And kiss'd, caress'd and dandled him, just
like a child;
Lady Letty Longwaist, and Mrs. Martha
Griffin,

Prim Polly Pussey-love, Miss Scratch and Bid-
dy Twiskin,
Solemn Sally Solus, who to no man Yes has
ever said;

Killing Kitty Crookedlegs, and neat Miss
Nelly Neverwed,
Crowding, squeezing, nodding, bidding, each
for puss so eager,

Have Tom they would;
By all that's good;
As you shall hear.

(Spoken in different voices.)—Irish Lady.
—Och the dear crater, how beautiful he looks
when he shuts his eyes! beautiful indeed—
he'd even lure the mice to look at him.

Auctioneer.—Forty-five guineas in twenty
places—

(By different ladies.)—Sixty-five! seventy!
eighty! ninety!—Auctioneer.—Go on ladies:
nobody bid more?—it's enough to make a Cat
swear to think he should go for so little. If
the Countess of Catamaran was here, she'd
outbid ye all.—Miss Grimalkin, you are a
Connoisseur in Cats—what shall I say?—
Ninety-five Guineas sir. (In an old tremu-
lous tone.)

Auctioneer.—Thank ye, Lady Letty.—
Take a long last languishing look, Ladies.—
What a wonder! The only Tortoise-shell
Tom the world ever witnessed! See how he
twists his tail, and washes his whiskers!

Tom, Tom, Tom! (Cat mews.) How
musically and divinely he mews, Ladies!—
One Hundred and Seventy Guineas, Sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank ye Miss Tabby, you'll
not be made a cat's-paw of depend on't.—
(Ladies laugh.)

Auctioneer.—Glad to hear you laugh, La-
dies: I see how the cat jumps now; Tom-
my's going.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, go-
ing.

Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you
can't think dear.

Now louder and warmer the competition
growing,
Politene's nearly banish'd in the grand fracas;
Two hundred—Two hundred and thirty-three;
a-going—

Gone!—Never Cat of talons met with such
eclat:

Nay, nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the
fashion caught as well
As ladies in their bidding, for this purring
piece of Tortoise shell.

The buyer bore him off in triumph, after all
the fun was done,
And bells rung as if Whittington had been
Lord Mayor of London.

Mice and Rats flung up their hats, for joy
that Cats so scarce were,
And Mousetrap makers rais'd the price, full
cent per cent I swear sir,

From the Monthly Anthology, &c.

Letter from an American traveller in Europe to
his friend in this country.

ROME, JANUARY 30, 1805.

SINCE I last wrote you, we have retraced
our steps to this city, and are now as busily as the
worst weather will permit us in reviewing the
most select and interesting parts of its anti-
quities and curiosities, or in visiting those
which escaped us before. Never, perhaps, at
so short a distance, and under the same cli-
mate, was a difference so striking in the man-
ners and habits of cities, as that which exists
between Naples and Rome.

The former is the most busy, lively, crowd-
ed, gay, dissipated city in the world. The
latter resembles the still, grand, but interest-
ing solemnity of some ancient but splendid
abbey. Every thing in the former exhibits
man as he is, a bustling, active, thoughtless
being, pursuing phantoms, seeking pleasure
which he never can find, and driving away, by
the hurry of the present, the thought of the
future. All the objects in the latter recall
man as he has been; his former greatness;
his present humility; his false grandeur; his
proud but vain desire of terrestrial immortali-
ty; his luxury and his poverty; his power
and weakness; the durability of Provi-
dence, and the perpetual mutability of man.
At Rome every thing is still, quiet, solemn
as the sepulchres of the kings and heroes
which it encloses. The society at Naples is
vastly more interesting, particularly for the
English residents. Many English or Ameri-
can families, whose manners correspond to our
own, and whose houses are seats of general
hospitality, make the time pass off very agree-
ably. Its climate attracts strangers from ev-
ery part of Europe, and you meet, on a
footing extremely pleasant, gentlemen and la-
dies of rank and character from almost every
nation. Amidst a great variety of characters
which one would expect to find in a place so
mixed, there were two whose history attract-
ed my notice, and whose biographical sketches
were to us extremely interesting.

One is an old octogenarian gentleman, who
is still known by a title which he had, I pre-
sume, about fifty years ago, Governor Ellis.
This title he derived from having been a gov-
ernor of Georgia, in the United States, un-
der the royal government. He served many
years as a naval officer under the grandfather
of George III. who, you will recollect, is
now turned of sixty. He performed a cir-
cumnavigatory voyage before Cook, and that
celebrated navigator served under him in an
inferior station. His voyages will be found
under the name of Ellis's Voyages round the
World, in Mavor's collection, and I dare say,
that many of us, in reading it, have sup-
posed the man to have been buried for half a
century past.

For the last thirty years he has retired to Na-
ples to pass the residue of his life. Till within
a few years he has passed his summers in jour-
nies to Russia and the north, and his winters in
the south, preserving by that means a perpet-
ual summer, extremely favourable to longev-
ity. For the last twenty years he has ab-
stained from animal food, but has supplied
the want of it by a very strong soup, which,
with a single glass of wine forms his constant
diet.

He is extremely fond of society, and when-
ever there is a ball or *conversazione* the gover-
nor generally passes an hour in it. He retains his
faculties fully, which are of a superior grade.
He is an elegant classic scholar, and his lan-
guage in common conversation is a perfect
model for an accomplished man. He has a
great turn for poetry, which he repeats with
astonishing memory whenever requested. He
did me the favour to lend me a *satire on man-
ners*, which he has just finished. He lived in
the house with a Russian prince, whom I
shall soon notice. She was no youth, hav-
ing nearly reached her ninetieth year. The
gallant old gentleman wrote a few couplets in
compliment of his youthful neighbour, at
which she, however, took offence, observing
that she did not choose to be the subject of
public notice, even in complimentary canzo-
nets. I heard the old gentleman complain of
this failure of return for his gallantry.

This prince was as extraordinary a cha-
racter as the governor. She like him had re-
tired to milder skies to reinvigorate her de-
caying fabric. She was the most hospitable
foreigner at Naples. Her house was one of
the pleasantest resorts for all strangers of cha-
racter who visited the city. Her ruling pas-
sion was *gay society*, and never did a woman
exhibit the truth of Pope's sentiment more
truly. Hers was never stronger than in death.
For many weeks before her death, it was
known to herself and every one around her,
that she would soon die; but she expressed a
strong wish that she might survive the first
day of the new year, because she was resolved
to give a brilliant fete on that day. She died,
I believe before; but as she was in the habit
of receiving her friends on certain days, who
amused themselves with cards, &c. she insist-
ed that it should be continued during her ill-
ness; and in fact after she was speechless,
the night of her death, she had a party who
took leave of her, and she died before morn-
ing!!! To finish the scene, as it commenced,

according to the fashion of great people in
this country, her body was exposed in state,
as it is termed, for three days, and was there
visited by those friends whom her living host-
pitality had contributed to amuse.

I met several times in Naples a young
German officer, whose history was very inter-
esting to me, not only as it was wonderful in
itself, but as it proves that the Austrians did not
yield the palm to the French in point of bra-
very. I have always believed, that numbers,
rather than courage or conduct, achieved the
victories of France. This young officer was
of the first family in Germany. He is one of
the princes of the Lichtenstein family. He com-
manded a regiment of cavalry in the Austrian
service, and as he was of high rank, his regi-
ment was a large one. It consisted of eigh-
teen hundred men. As it suffered in engage-
ments, it was constantly recruited; so that in
the course of that short war he lost out of
that regiment, whose complement was only
eighteen hundred men, nine thousand seven hun-
dred; I repeat it, nine thousand seven hun-
dred; and he and another officer are the only
ones surviving in the regiment, who first en-
gaged in it this last war. The prince has re-
ceived many severe wounds, and is now in I-
taly for his health. He is not, I think, more
than thirty years of age. I think these three
characters well worthy of notice. They cer-
tainly do not occur at every corner.

From the TICKLER.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Or, the disappointments of an afternoon.

A FEW days since, Mr. McKensie and
some gentlemen, his friends, after passing a
very agreeable morning at Wilmot farm, set
out to enjoy the pleasures of shooting.

It was proposed by one of the party, that
they should go into the neighbouring fields
of a Miller, and pop over a rabbit or two;
this was objected to by another, who alleg-
ed that by an act passed in the administration
of president Jefferson, it was felony to enter
an enclosure for that purpose: but said he,
if you will accompany me yonder (pointing
to a hill which raised like a Cone at a little
distance) we shall have fine sport among the
Robbins.

This proposal meeting universal approba-
tion, they bent their course toward the hill,
but unfortunately in going through a Wood
which they had to Cross, they became so en-
tangled in the Briers, that they were quite
at a loss which way to turn. Whilst they
were in this dilemma, they heard an animal
Bray very loud, and following the sound,
soon found themselves at the door of the sta-
ble house under a Green hedge kept by old Jo
Cobb. Vexed, fatigued and disappointed, they
went and requested refreshment—the
old man shook them cordially by the hand,
and dispatched Francis to the cellar for a
tankard of brown stout. In a few moments
the boy returned with a most useful coun-
enance, and related the horrible discovery
which he had made. The Cooper in tapping
the cask that very morning, had been so care-
less as to leave the spicket open, and the
whole contents were running about the cel-
lar—this was almost too much to be borne—
the host however, had a spice of philosophy
in him—he said but little, and from a side
cup-board he produced some bottles of cider,
with which his guests sat down to amuse
themselves at cards—but alas they were soon
more disappointed; the old man had no
cards, and they were obliged to content them-
selves with the *Petit game of Morris*, and
listened to the landlord's songs until it was
late they could scarcely Seymour.

THE SPIS.

From the Independent American.

Remarkable Phenomenon in Natural History.

IN sinking a well, at Mr. Anthony
mead's plantation, near this town, at the
depth of fifty-four feet, the workmen struck
upon a substance, which, on examination, ap-
pears to be charcoal intermixed with sulphur,
and some metallic substance which gives it a
shining appearance. The body of earth above
these substances is clay of different kinds.
The coal and sulphureous substances occupied
from four to five feet in depth, after which
the workmen came to a sandy bottom and
water. Here of course their labours ended.
Large pieces of coal intermixed with sulphur
may be seen at this office. How came wood
at such a depth in the earth? What turned
it to charcoal? Was the surface of the earth
ever so low as fifty-four feet below the pre-
sent surface? Here is a wide field for con-
jecture. We shall not enter it at this
time. But the facts we have stated may be
depended on. Several respectable gentlemen
from this town were eyewitnesses of the cir-
cumstances, and have preserved specimens of
the various substances for the inspection of
the curious.

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